

## Children's Department.

### FROM THE EDITOR.

*Dear Boys and Girls:*—This week we have three short letters from the little people which we publish on this page. We also print a nice story which will help you to understand the Sunday-school lesson for January 12. The story is taken from the *Little Pilgrim*, and is entitled, "The Boy Johnny." It is found on this page. We shall be glad to hear regularly from the boys and girls. Please write short letters and tell us something new. We are about to publish a very interesting temperance story by B. C. Moomaw, and would like to have our little folks every where sell the book for us. It will sell for ten or fifteen cents, and we are sure the boys and girls can earn a little money selling this book.

### THE BOY JOHNNY.

Margaret had just got out her palette, and washed it and got her colors ready. She was going to do some grape leaves for her mother's birthday. Mother herself came through the room where the easel was, but you would not have thought she had any eyes for all that she seemed to see with them. Of all the people for being blind and deaf when you wanted them to be, there never was anybody like mother.

"Don't work too hard over your drawing studies, dear," she said, tucking her own easel behind the door in the other room, though she wanted to work to-day, too. "I think I'll go and take a little walk this morning instead of painting. Johnny, don't bother your sister. She wants to improve very fast this vacation."

The boy Johnny nodded, but didn't say whether he would or wouldn't. It was always safe to say he would.

"Wish you would lemme paint some!" he muttered as soon as his mother's back was turned.

"Why, I can't" said poor Margaret, not crossly, you know, but in a worried way. The kindest of big sisters do want a little peace sometimes to do their own things.

Johnny twisted on one leg and turned a number of somersaults and laughed to see Margaret jump when he did it. He walked up and down the room and whistled. He took a little toy riding whip, that hung on the wall, and switched the flies that flew about "to see how many he could kill at one whack."

"Oh, dear me!" groaned Margaret, working away for dear life, for who knew when mother would pop in with her walk over?

"You're always O-dear-me-ing!" said Johnny, walking off with his hands in his pockets and whistling.

He did not walk very far—just into the next room where he spied mamma's easel. It had a picture on it.

"I'll put on the finishing touches, I guess," said Johnny.

It was the beginning of a very pretty picture. The carefully drawn brown jar was going to have some pink azaleas growing out of it, and mamma had looked at it lovingly and longingly on her way out, for she ached to get at what she called "the pretty part." All at once she looked in at the door, and such a look! You know, I suppose, what that is when you have done anything real mean and naughty.

No, she didn't whip the naughty boy. Some people would say she ought to have done it. But mamma kept such things, if she ever did them, for times when the naughtiness hurt somebody else. She never punished people for hurting her, if she could help it.

For all that, I think Johnny was punished. He hated that grieved, sorry look on her face. He hated to think how mean he was to spoil her picture. He flung himself into grandma's room at last and told her all about it.

"Don't see what makes me such a boy," he muttered with his head in her lap.

"Johnny, dear! she said, "I'm going to read you about a boy that everybody liked. His name began with J, too. You just listen."

One thing she read was your Golden Text. Can you tell who the boy was? Who can think of Jesus as rude or mischievous or troublesome? Everybody was glad to have him around, for things seemed easier and pleasant where he was. I wonder what any home would be like now even with one person in it who behaved like Jesus! It would be such a gentle, happy, loving, lovely place!

"So, little children, let's you and I  
Try to be like him, try! try!"

From Waterloo, Iowa.

I belong to the Junior King's Children, and Mrs. Eli Hoover our instructor, said I should write a letter this week. We have very nice meetings. There were only a few of the Juniors present a week ago, but last night there were twenty-one present. We have only one committee, the Floral committee. We elected Pearl Flickinger assistant secretary last night. The Society had a social at Mr. Saylor's Thanksgiving eve. We had a very nice time.

Dec. 9, '95.

EMMA LANDIS.

From Crete, Nebr.

DEAR EDITOR:—I have not written a letter for a long time, but have concluded to write. They think they have found a gold mine here, but do not find much gold. If they find more gold I will go up and write you more about it. At Milford there are better prospects. In the hollows there are mineral springs, and in the fall there was lots of acorns. At the M. E. church they had stereoptic views during revival meetings, which drew great crowds. They had pictures of the Holy Land, Nearer my God to Thee, Rock of Ages, The Mill, The Works of Wine, and Where is my Boy To-night. I will have to close. Your reader,

C. V. ZOOK.

From Auburn, Ills.

I will write another letter to the EVANGELIST. This is my second letter. I was eleven years old in June. We have meeting every two weeks. At Auburn there was meeting in the park for awhile. Mr. Louis Bauman was the last one to preach. My oldest brother and sister went to Kansas and stayed all summer. My brother come back and is teaching school. He is boarding at home. My sister stayed out in Kansas with her aunt, and is going to school out there this winter. I go to school every day. My teacher's name is Mr. Harry Williams. He is a good teacher. He has us to sing out of the books in the morning, and in the evening he teaches us music. I have a mile and a quarter to school. I was to a funeral the other day, the young lady's name was Edith Kessler. She belonged to the Old Order Brethren church. She had been sick all summer.

FLORENCE BLACK.

### WHO CAN TELL?

One night while shepherds were watching their sheep they heard a song in the heavens above them. They were afraid but some one told them not to be afraid for he had good news to tell them. When the shepherds heard the good news they went to a certain town and found it just as it was told them. How many children can answer these questions:

1. Who sang the song?
2. What was the song they sang?
3. Who told the shepherds not to be afraid?
4. What good news did he tell them?
5. To what town did the shepherds go?
6. What did they find?

A LITTLE farm well tilled,  
A little wife well willed:  
Their good effects can all be killed  
By a little corn distilled.